

February 20  
1931

# Life

Price  
10 Cents





CRANE LOUIS XVI  
TRIANON FITTINGS  
GOLD PLATED

## Helping American home-makers to create a new room

Rich resources of the world have been brought together by Crane Co. to help home-planners create a new, distinctively American room . . . the bathroom of today.

From Italy was imported the Brocatello Sienna marble of the *Chateau* lavatory and the dental lavatory illustrated above. The designs of the lavatory and the Louis XVI metal-work and trimmings used throughout this bathroom are the work of French artists. The colored porcelain of the marble-enclosed *Tarnia* bath and the vitreous china of the closet, reviving an ancient and beautiful art, were produced by Trenton potters. The working parts of the quiet *Corwith* closet, the sure-action pop-up *Accesso* bath waste, the mechanical perfection of the glass-enclosed shower,

have been developed by the most resourceful modern production engineers.

In Crane Exhibit Rooms in every important city in America, such materials . . . and a wealth of other ideas for the smallest Cape Cod cottage as well as for town houses in chateau or villa style . . . are on display. Here you can see before you buy, and familiarize yourself with all possibilities.

No one nowadays should make the permanent investment in plumbing and heating upon which the comfort, convenience, and value of a house depends without visiting these Rooms. Your architect will help you plan. For purchase and installation, see a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a highly skilled master plumber or heating contractor.



# CRANE

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING,  
FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE  
Crane Co., General Offices: 836 S. Michigan Ave.,  
Chicago + 23 W. 44th St., New York  
Branches and sales offices in one hundred  
and ninety-six cities

February 20, 1931

Vol. 97

Number 2520

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
60 E. 42nd St., New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board  
CLAIR MAXWELL, President  
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice President  
HENRY RICHTER, Treasurer  
BOLTON MALLORY, Editor  
HARRY EVANS, Managing Editor  
E. S. MARTIN, Associate Editor  
F. G. COOPER, Associate Editor  
W. W. SCOTT, Associate Editor

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate (U. S. and Canada), \$5.00 (Foreign, \$6.00.)



POETICAL PETE

There are six days in every year  
When work gives me the blues;  
Their names are Mon. and Wed. and Fri.,  
And Thu. and Sat. and Tues.

# Don't read the ad... just mail the coupon



Will you give us 7 days to prove the merits of our product?

Others may repeat our claims but none can duplicate our product. That's why we ask to send you free a generous tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream. See coupon.



At the end of that time we believe you will give up other ways for this.

**G**ENTLEMEN: Your time's worth money. So is ours. Instead of telling you the glowing things men say about our product, we make this simple statement: *There are more men using Palmolive Shaving Cream today than any other kind.*

That fact proves it worth your while to make this test. Accept a free supply and after 7 days make up your mind. Of every 100 men who try it, 86 remain our steady customers. You ought to know the reason.

## 1,000 men invented it

The formula of Palmolive Shaving Cream was written by 1,000 men. They told us where all other methods failed in their opinion—and what they believed a perfect shaving cream should be.

In meeting their demands our chemists made 129 attempts before succeeding. Finally the olive oil principle we know so well resulted in success. A shaving cream was born possessing 5 unique advantages:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Soothing after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

## Will you accept some?

We said, "Don't read this ad"; but if you have, thanks for your time. Now take one minute more and send the coupon properly filled in. What you receive will well repay your kindness in accepting a supply to try. Do not delay.

## NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling and fresh—clean and free of germs that cause infections. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

## 7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1212, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print your name and address)





## The Treasure Houses of England

Canterbury Cathedral, the birthplace of English Christianity, rises triumphant in the faith that keeps her ever young. Worcester framed by the Severn invites to mediaeval dreaming. Bath Abbey is still known as the lantern of England. Winchester recalls Edward the Confessor and the glory of long-departed kings. Wells, the Feminine, is the life of our Saviour in stone. Glastonbury Abbey raises its solemn arms to heaven over a heath of green. Noble Salisbury Cathedral, the perfectly proportioned. Norman Gloucester of the deep bells. Time-toned Exeter can remember when Drake returned from the Indies with silver strapped to every mast.

St. David's and Llandaff in Wales, now reborn, were once ivy-clad ruins. And tragic Tintern Abbey, the loveliest fairy tale of them all—all its pride gone as it humbly kneels in a meadow of poppies.

The treasure houses of England look as though men sang all day as they built them—mellow with ancient wisdom—beautiful beyond words. No experience can affect you so profoundly as this unveiling of a glorious past which England shares with you.

*Illustrated Guide No. 1 will be gladly mailed if you write to*

G. E. ORTON, General Agent, 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**Great Western  
and  
Southern  
Railways  
of England.**



THE DRY DECADE, by Charles Merz. Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$3. It is not improbable that C. M. wrote this book as a test of his capacity, namely, to inebriate a more than damply dull subject with a combination of lively writing and orderly facts; including illuminating statistics. His concealed amiability is shown in calling his decade a dry one.

...

THE ETERNAL POLES, by Claude Bragdon. Alfred A. Knopf, \$2. What is Love? A mystic, or esoteric treatment of the subject which might easily be caviar to the general if the writer were less expert. Already notable in his presentation of the fourth dimension, he transports us with easy definiteness into the inner gem-strewn chamber of the lover and the beloved.

...

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR, edited by Andre Maurois, H. C. Michin, Arnold Zwig and Coningsby Dawson. Harper & Bros., \$3.50. Sixty-six of them, all shades of what Mr. Tomlinson, in his modest introduction, suggests are "fascinating horrors," and that this book is not for mere entertainment. On the basis that so much in this life would be endurable if it were not for entertainment, here is amazing variety and excellent reading.

...

FESTIVAL, by Struthers Burt. Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$2.50. An engaging and swiftly moving novel of the obvious, the author actually proving that a Philadelphia banker, as a grand lover, is a total loss. And his daughter, who married an Italian prince and loved him not so wisely, might be referred to as a slip of the old block. Nice work, though the dialogue is overdone.

...

PARADISE CITY, by Henry Channon. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.50. What happened to a group of Americans clustered in a western town made suddenly prosperous, mostly by going continental. Descriptive, notably clean, hands-across-the-sea novel, passing the test of being enjoyable in retrospect, by the young American who wrote *Joan Kennedy* and is now (singular!) living abroad.

—Thomas L. Masson.

(2)

## Millions of Customers Every Day!



Every day in the year, millions of people purchase medical and other products from 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores—products made by the United Drug Company and sold direct to the Rexall Stores at a saving to you of middlemen's profits.

These customers know from experience that these purchases save them money. They know they obtain the finest and purest quality which science can produce.

Such confidence in United Drug Company preparations never has been, and never will be, misplaced. This largest drug organization in the world—with its vast resources, its many research laboratories in the United States and Europe, its improved, modern equipment—is constantly striving to perfect still further the merchandise offered to you.

Whenever it is possible to make finer products for health, hygiene and the toilet, you will find them made by the United Drug Company.

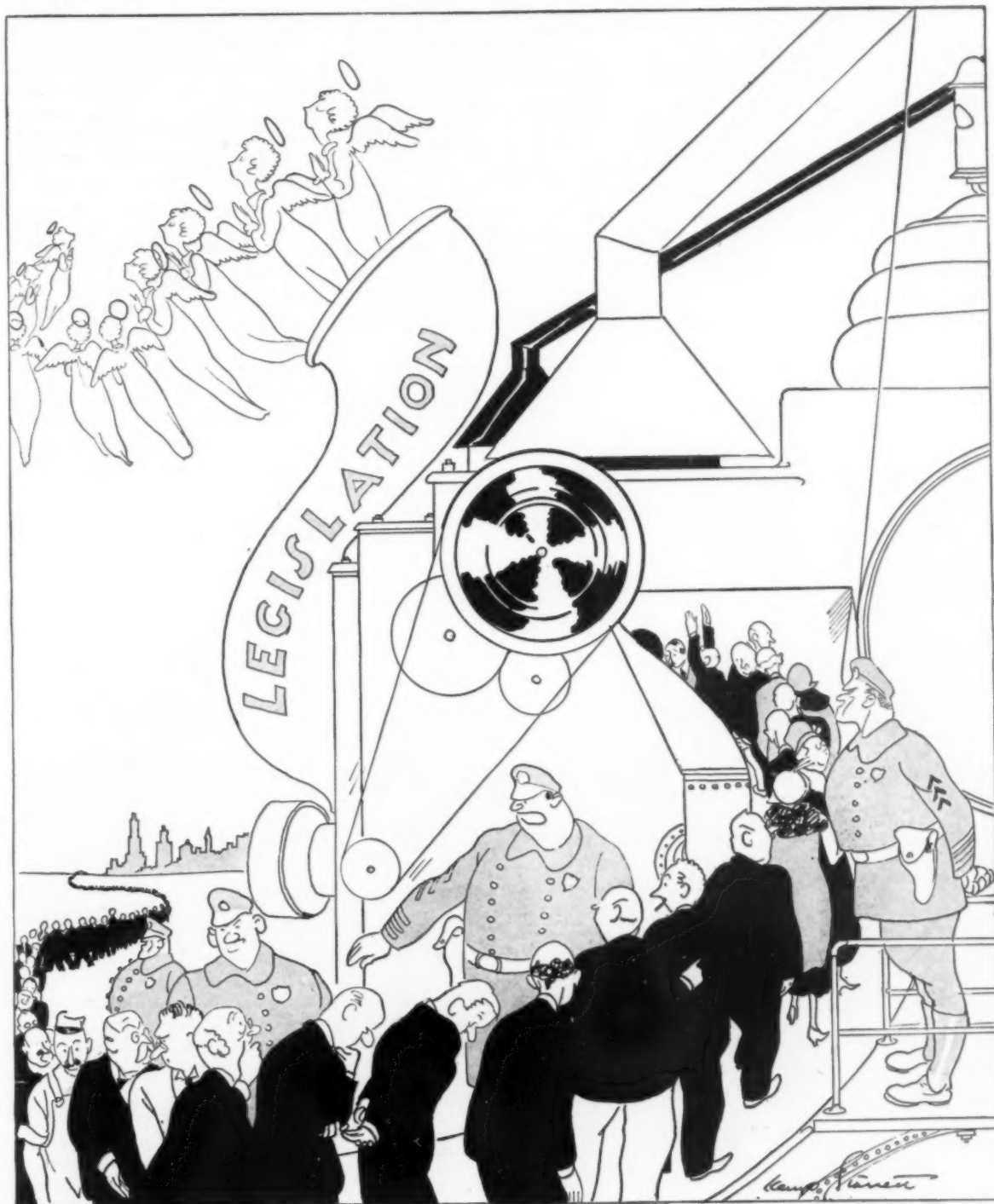
United Drug Company products are sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.



Use this pure, reliable remedy to sweeten the stomach and relieve indigestion.



# Life



*The Millennium Maker.*

## Success

WITH mounting incredulity the editor of the *Ashton Weekly* sat in his office looking at a dog.

The big-footed hound was frisking clumsily among the papers on the floor. The editor knew he was Pop Drigs' dog. But he was changed.

There was nothing of the apologetic look which he commonly took from his master, Pop Drigs. There was no furtive eye, no drooping tail, no cowed demeanor to show he belonged to the village failure. In some unaccountable manner the dog had regained confidence in humanity.

At a snap of the editor's fingers he ceased romping and, with tail wagging, readily approached to be petted.

"Want a bone, pup?"

"Yowp!" barked the happy hound.

"Want your throat cut?"

"Yowp!"

"Oh, you're a smart dog, aren't you? Where's Pop Drigs?"

In answer to the question the man known as the village failure appeared in the doorway. "Pup got here first. Knew where I was coming."

"Have a chair," said the editor. He could have fallen out of his own at sight of the altered Pop Drigs.

The old man did not frisk about the office as his dog had done, but there was that in his carriage which indicated he might. The editor sensed a story for the *Ashton Weekly* with possibly a few lines in the big papers of nearby cities. It is not often that the shoulders of a man beaten down by failure for seventy years, straighten over night.

"Have a cigar," he said to Pop Drigs. The two smoked in silence, one eager

to talk and the other anxious to listen.

"My niece was reading me the *Weekly*."

The editor nodded encouragement. His visitor's shoes had received their first polish in years. A bluish black, they looked as though the niece might miss a fifty-cent box of mascara.

"Guess everybody reads the *Weekly*."

His trousers were pressed until the bags at the knees curved outward like scimitar blades. A brown cotton tie, shiny new, was knotted neatly. His face wrinkled as he puffed at the cigar.

"See old man Hollis left us."

"Yes," said the editor. "Went rather sudden."

"The piece said he wasn't sick long. We was boys together."

Searching for a clue, the editor's mind went back through the common talk of the village. Boys together. Hollis became a prominent citizen while Pop Drigs was always a failure.

"Yes, we went to school together."

The editor traced Pop Drigs' life. Failure as a chicken farmer. Failure as a grocer. Failure as an inventor. For the past forty years he'd sought to get in politics, but always had failed. Impractical. Continually striving for public recognition and continually failing.

"Hollis was two years older than I was."

The editor hoped Pop Drigs was not off on another wild idea. He'd had enough failures. Always striving; always failing.

"Yes, two years older than I was."

The editor looked at Pop Drigs. Slowly he stood and walked over to where the old man sat. Pop Drigs got to his feet. His shoulders were squared. The dog scampered happily about the two men.

"Shake hands, Pop," said the editor. "And wait. Wait right here. Don't you dare go away."

The editor left the office, but was back shortly accompanied by the clerk from the drug store with a camera.

"Come out on the sidewalk in the sun, Pop," said the editor. "Bring the pup with you."

"What's it all about?" asked the drug store clerk.

"Get your camera ready," said the editor. "The *Ashton Weekly* has got to have a picture of Pop Drigs—the new oldest man in the county."

—Tom Sims.



"I wonder if you two scholars would be interested in knowing that it has stopped raining outside?"

## A Little Learning

*"Education is spreading so that future society will see common laborers well versed in philosophy and plumbers will discuss Aristotle."—Prof. William F. Ogburn, Univ. of Chicago.*

HOUSEWIFE OF THE FUTURE: Are you the plumber? I want you to do something about the bathtub faucet. It leaks.

PLUMBER OF THE FUTURE: Yes, Ma'am. Was is not Diogenes who lived in such a tub, preferring that simple habitation to the usual dwellings of mankind?

HOUSEWIFE: Eh?

PLUMBER: It was, now that I recall it. What a beautiful theory. To be free from the material things . . .

HOUSEWIFE: It won't hold water.

PLUMBER: There you are mistaken. The completeness of the theory precludes . . .



*"A good smack in the pan once in a while is the best thing for a dame."*

HOUSEWIFE: I tell you the faucet leaks. It's flooded the house.

PLUMBER: So I have observed. It probably requires a new washer. As Kant would put it, the washer in itself.

HOUSEWIFE: Can't you fix it?

PLUMBER: Fix is a relative term. But enough. What does the poet say? That one should live every moment as though it were one's last. Would one want a bathtub in one's last moment? Ridiculous! See, I shall turn off the water.

HOUSEWIFE: But how can I bathe?

PLUMBER: Bathe? Bathe, Madam, in the light of the eternal and immutable oneness of the Universe. Or if you prefer, you can take a shower. And now, good day. The Union will not let me talk after five o'clock.

—W. W. Scott.



*"Bill, I think I'm lying to you, look at my face!"*

(5)

Went to sleep with 60 gals in his sedan.

—Headline in Virginia paper.

More power to him.

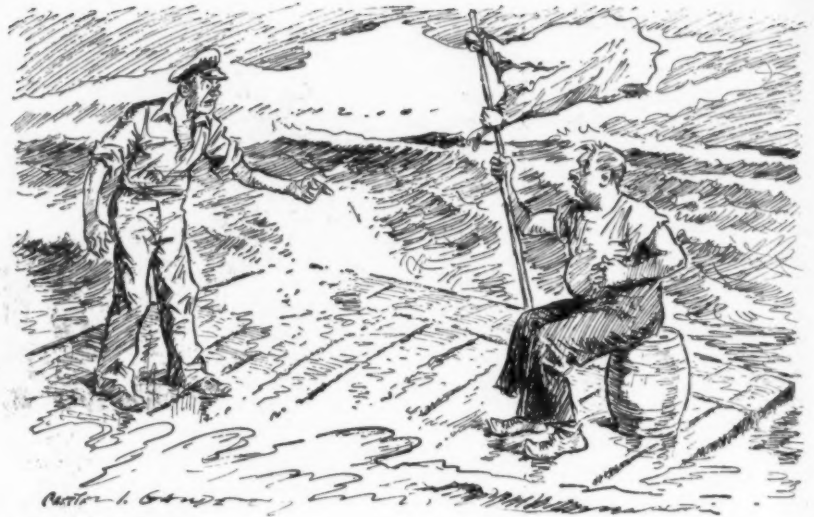


## Unpardonable

We can't understand why anyone should protest the dismissal from Harvard of the student who threw grapefruit at Rudy Vallée. He missed, didn't he?

## General Information

Doubtless Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., would like to change the slogan to "Don't tell it to the Marines!"



"Throw that keg overboard! Do you want the coast guard shooting at us?"



"Pardon, sir, but today's the tenth."  
"Th' tenth what?"

## Whose Lips Can Smile At Parting

I've stood quite enough of your torture.  
I'm not going to stand any more.  
I'd like to put forward this thought: your  
Behavior has gotten me sore.

Whenever you've said you would want me  
I've been at your side right on time.  
You pick on me always and taunt me,  
Though none is more faithful than I'm.

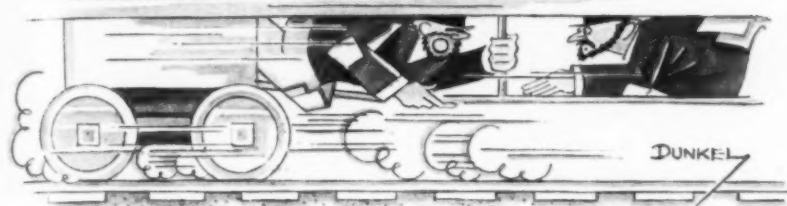
You gaze on my pictures you've taken  
And treasure them fondly, I know;  
But soon you will find you're forsaken.  
You'll see me no more when I go.

This mouth that I once thought of giving  
To you I am taking away.  
The dull grind with you's not worth living,  
I'd much rather slowly decay.

I'd much rather get some enjoyment  
From life which is painful at best—  
Dentist, listen, your term of employment  
Is finished. My mouth needs a rest.

—Carroll Carroll.

192017



"That's just like you to pick out the dining car!"

## Truth Rises Again

(In line with the current policy of debunking history, we append the following true account of what took place at the time of the famous cherry tree incident.)

GOING into the garden, one day, to estimate how long it would be until he could expect some cherry brandy, George Washington's father was chagrined to discover that his pet tree had been cut down. It did not take him long to decide on the guilty party.

When the youthful Washington, hastily summoned, stood before him, he asked, "Son, did you cut down this cherry tree?"

Noting his father's stern voice and angry countenance, the boy turned pale and toed the ground, but he answered bravely, "Yes, father, I did. I cannot tell a lie!"

The elder Washington softened. He patted his son's head reassuringly. "I am glad you had the courage to tell the truth, my boy," he said. "I would rather that you cut down a thousand cherry trees than tell one untruth."

"Gee," said young George, as he watched his father leave the garden and re-enter the house, "I'm glad dad didn't find out I cut down that tree with his new razor!"

## Needs Fixing

And when a cop goes home with a few dollars missing in his pay envelope, we suppose his wife says to him: "So; you *didn't* stop at that corner saloon, again, eh?"

## Vindication

We never cared much for acrobats before, but in Cleveland a rope broke and an acrobat fell feet first on a piccolo player.

## Was It Pink?

A keeper in a Cincinnati zoo claims he heard a snake say "Hello." We understand he did not wait for it to ask him to have an apple.



"Do everything but my husband's underwear—he enjoys me doing that."



# Life Looks About

**T**HE important question about the Red Cross, the Senate and Mr. Hoover is not whether one or the other of them is justified in behavior, but whether the hungry are being fed and the homeless sheltered. In Arkansas conditions seem to be about the worst. The Red Cross is operating there. The newspapers say that it gives each family \$2.00 a week, plus fifty cents for each child. The average families that are being fed number five members. No doubt \$4.50 a week can keep them alive if the Red Cross says so, but they will hardly grow fat on it. However, the figures may be wrong, or vary according to the judgment of distributors.

But Red Cross judgment in all such matters as this ought to be good if there is money enough to give it full exercise. Current relief needs a lot of money, quite as much probably as the Senate has been disposed to appropriate.

People are afraid of the dole. Distinction should be made between the want produced by drought and the want produced by unemployment. If you undertake any allowance to individuals because of unemployment, that is the dole, or something like it, and you cannot tell when it will end. It may become a habit. But if you give money for relief for an emergency like drought, that is something of which there is a finish in sight. It is temporary relief such as the government has often voted money for and such as the Red Cross constantly undertakes.

Arkansas, as said, is in a bad case but there are other parts of the South as badly off, and the Appalachian region in Kentucky and elsewhere, poor at best, is especially in straits from drought.

**A**T THIS writing the proposed plan to raise and spend three billion dollars to cash the bonus for the war veterans has not yet attained popularity

outside of the American Legion. Mr. Mellon is not for it. We are assured that it would not be good for business and it is doubtful whether it would be good for the veterans. They can borrow money on their war insurance if they have it. As it is, they will probably get somewhat more than that, but not such a sum as three billion dollars.

A great deal is said about what the Legionaries and the other veterans did for the country, and about the country's debt to them, but very seldom is there any mention of what the war did for them. For most of them their war service is one of the most valuable assets that they possess. It was very generally felt at the time of the war that young men of suitable age and weight who did not go in were missing their chance. That was true.

**MAJOR GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLER** is a model of indiscretion and yet he seldom says anything that hurts anybody but himself. That he repeated a story that Mussolini was a hit-and-run driver has resulted in nothing worse than that Mr. Stimson has embraced Mussolini and told him not to mind.

It is believed that General Smedley Butler likes to fight. He should be saved and, if convenient, retained on the army list during his active years. The times being so much disturbed we may need fighting men at any moment.

For example, the *London Times* says that Russia is doing well and in a year or two may be flooding the world with cheap goods. Mr. Bruckner, the Chairman of the Civic Safety Committee of Chicago, is quoted as saying in Boston on January 29th that there are at least 30,000 criminals in Chicago; that Al Capone has six thousand state and federal officials on his payroll; that eighty per cent of the judges in Chicago are criminals; that the national liquor bill is eight billion dollars a year and six billion dollars of it goes to officials. Now that was real talk, and if much of it is true there shouldn't be any trouble about living dangerously in this world for some time to come.

General Butler is qualified to live dangerously. He likes it, does it well and sometimes is very serviceable about it. He made a fizzle of it in Philadelphia because they do not like dan-

gerous living in that city, but report said he was very helpful, astute and considerate in China, where there was a large oversupply of dangerous living. General Butler helped to abate it and the Chinese liked him for it.

But he should be careful what he says in public about persons in authority in Europe. Possibly he may relieve his mind about Stalin without getting into trouble, or even about Winston Churchill unless he happens to be in office. One cannot but sympathize with General Butler in his comments on persons abroad when we consider how much he must want to say about people at home and how little chance he has to relieve his mind about them.

**O**NCE in a while the thought begins to circulate that we haven't got the right people in jail. Like all thoughts it begins in the bosoms of individuals, but if presently it spreads into the public mind it may become revolutionary, for that thought of course is the root of revolution.

It is working now visibly in New York, as appears in the delousing of the courts, the inquiry into bank failures and other incidents.

The objection to Mr. Steuer as investigator of the management of the United States Bank is mixed up with this anxiety about who should be in jail. District Attorney Crain selected Mr. Steuer to act as investigator, but Mr. Crain, being a Tammany official, and Tammany being somewhat mixed up with that bank, and Mr. Steuer being a good deal mixed up with Tammany, there is apprehension that Mr. Steuer will investigate some directors more earnestly than others.

**MR. HOOVER** impresses some persons, even some Republicans, as not being up to date.

Why not try Signor Al-Capone next time! He is abreast of the date always, except when he is ahead of it.

He is a very remarkable person, and is credited with a plan for rum-regulation which is being discussed by some of our most respectable characters. He ought to know what is possible in that direction.

—E. S. Martin.





EDWINA

SINBAD  
But it's nicer to lie in bed !  
( 9 )

## Sooner Or Later

Oh, I am sure that if I tried  
To keep you here, close by my side,  
You'd change your mind, my dear, and stay  
Instead of going far away.  
A word or two, undoubtedly,  
Would make you fall in love with me  
Again. A sudden, violent kiss  
Would make you realize that this  
Is heaven, and you should not go.  
Oh, if I tried, my dear, I know  
I could persuade. But, why should I?  
I'd not gain very much, would I?  
For in a week or two, my sweet,  
I'm positive that you'd repeat  
The self-same idiotic capers.  
So, run along and sell your papers!

—Gates Hebbard.



"Dad!"

## Extravagance

A number of girls at a charity ball in Buffalo sold kisses for one dollar per kiss. It is pointed out that considering the law of supply and demand the price was unreasonable.

## The Moon and You

"The moon has no air or water," says an astronomer. But why go so far when you can find the same situation at many filling stations?

## Discretion

"Hoover will win if he faces Congress squarely and fights," says a Senator. Many are wondering if he chooses to run.

## Wonderful Nature

"Why do we have eyebrows?" asks a beauty expert. For one thing they help us locate our eyes when we first get out of bed.



"Oh, I wouldn't dream of going without my doctor—there he is now."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

JANUARY 29—The window cleaner in at nine o'clock, and his arrival was so inconvenient—as when is it not?—that I was at some pains not to whack him, but I suffered him graciously enough, and never shall I forget the man who paused whilst washing my casements to ask me if I had seen the Russian players the night before. Dr. Montgomery Smith to see me, and he did tell of a horse which was being rehearsed for a performance of the Chicago Opera Company and which had bitten the contralto the minute she started to sing, as fine a piece of musical criticism as ever I heard. But Dr. Smith could not remember the name of the opera, nor could I think of any with but a single horse in it save "Isabeau," which I am sure is not being revived. Lord! how well do I recall seeing Rosa Raisa in it at the old Lexington Opera House, which was heated by a strange system requiring holes here and there in the floor, and so en-

tranced was I with the wrinkles in the union suit which she wore for Lady Godiva's costume that the costly spool of silk from which I was knitting a cravat rolled down one of the cavities, and I was obliged to wind up five hundred yards of it before the piece was finished, causing those sitting in a nearby box to wonder if there were rats in the basement. And Samuel tells me that George Ade once lost one of his pumps down one of those same holes, and was obliged to go home in his sock.

JANUARY 30—Reading this morning in Owen Davis' "I'd Like To Do It Again," and I was amused with his account of Augustus Thomas' discouragement when the National Theatre's production of "As You Like It" was the failure which he had surmised it would be, and how Mrs. Thomas, finding him sitting disconsolate amongst the scenery after the opening had patted him on the back and said, "Never mind, Gus, you didn't write it." Glancing, too, through the new World Almanac, somewhat aghast to mark that the bulk of its advertising is devoted to self-help schemes, and I got

in quite a gale pondering how I myself should fare if I started in making Brown Bobby doughnuts at home. But I did not read as far as usual in this volume which ordinarily fascinates me, getting little farther by the index than favorite actors and actresses, wedding anniversaries, and alcoholic poisoning. My stock of new books is not up to its usual standard, and I should give a good deal for something to read which it would be impossible to put down until I had finished it, but there is a disappointment connected even with such bliss in that you cannot eat your "Cakes and Ale" and have it too. Lord! even the jackets of the new books do not hold out their customary encouragement, and some of them are stupid about their blurb wording, for who with a pack of cards at hand or a radio within reach would ever read anything labeled "a novel of two worlds?" Almost every one of my acquaintances is afflicted with what they speak of as "a touch of flu," a locution which is an understatement I have never been able to grasp, since that particular malady literally bowls over any one of its victims.



"That's Mr. and Mrs. Whifle of Mrs. Whifle's Home-Made Pickles, Inc."

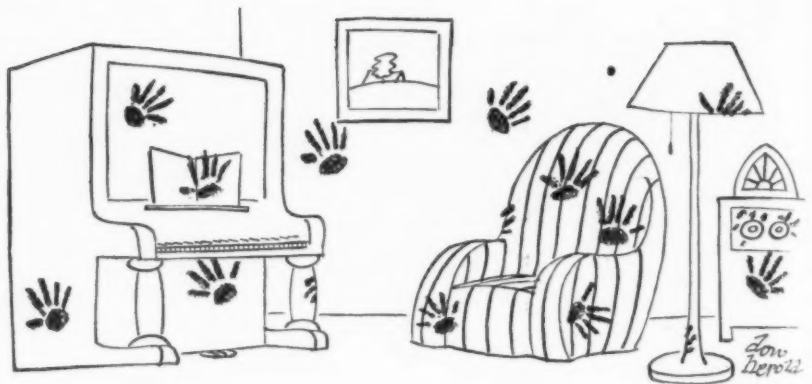


## The Pity Of It

Now if that bootlegger, who was killed in a New York speakeasy recently, had been a drinking man, he'd have been under a table and out of harm's way.

## Wet Or Dry

A Detroit woman is charged with shooting her husband in an argument about the weather. Our belief is that there is enough for everyone.



The garage man's home.

## The Simple Savage

Everybody knows that our modern English language is a highly complicated affair. We use great, long words to express little, short ideas that shouldn't require more than one syllable. That is what too much civilization has done to us.

Everybody knows, too, that primitive peoples speak in simple monosyllables. The noble red man of our own country, for instance. From childhood up we have been taught of his love of brevity in speech.

Let me illustrate with a few words chosen from the simple language of the Seminoles, together with their complicated English meanings:

Seminole	English
Wal-ka-ho-nou-wa	Ox
Ko-wat-go-chee	Cat
Go-chee-som-pol-e-poch-go-chee	Small star
Tock-a-la-kee-chum-po-chee-wa	Cake
Wa-ka-pish-aw-tock-o-la-kee	Cheese
Aw-lock-a-taw-chaw-ho-tee	Home
She-won-nock-e-ta-sa-lof-kaw	Belt
In-tee-ti-pix-tee-e-fo-cho-to-kee-not-ee	Instep
E-lit-ta-pix-tee-e-toke-kee-tay-gaw	Wrist

Ain't Nature wonderful, kiddies?

—H. W. H.



"Madam, will you please help a poor man pay his club dues?"

## Mental Condition After An Evening With the Wickersham Report

THE Commission is opposed to the federal or state governments, as such, going into the liquor business but it likes the Swedish idea of four quarts of rye per month although it views with alarm the two dollar gin served in night clubs New Year's Eve without being signed by Monte Lemann while four commissioners state there is a deplorable lack of evidence that liquor can be procured in chain stores or through any national broadcasting company and Radcliffe College girls are not allowed to tote flasks to classrooms but that a tall gentleman in a high hat was seen staggering into Child's last Whitsuntide to say nothing of eighteen thousand letters from citizens of Cleveland and Detroit voicing approval of the dandy paper bags which the Toronto Liquor Control Board wraps around William Teacher's Highland Cream and White Horse so that paragraph eleven immediately following paragraph ten and just preceding paragraph twelve recommends that the first seventy pages of the report be turned over rapidly so that the 1400 prohibition agents are not added to the unemployment problem along with six of the eleven favoring a revision or a repeal and five out of eleven favoring an out-and-out revision of something provided that the other members are for it and with Mr. Baker signing on the way to the Mediterranean and that Congress shall have power to regulate or to prohibit or to permit the use of intoxicating liquors in the committee rooms of the House but not in the cloak rooms of the Senate unless otherwise specified in paragraph eleven unless the President should see any serious objections to pretzels and liverwurst if any or else.

—Donald Bachart.



"Oh, yeah? Sez you!"

## Life in Society



### LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

Mrs. F. Quentin Shift's pantry maid, Delia, sliding down a drainpipe during a buffet supper given at Patio Lavette in honor of the Artists and Writers, who recently held their annual golf tournament at the Palm Beach Country Club. Delia later defeated Rube Goldberg, 5 up, using an egg-beater.

Many attended the midweek dinner-dance at Whiteside tonight. The lake front terrace was picturesque with continental orange blossoms and highly garnished pick-me-ups.

Mrs. Walter F. Boughton and Mrs. Charles J. Watson, who are at the National Hotel, Havana, have just completed a drag hunt for their husbands.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Stilson, who were at the Ambassador, departed last night for Bellair, Fla. Mrs. Stilson, before her marriage on Feb. 12, was desperate.

Mrs. Emmett Sleuce, of Philadelphia, made her first appearance at the Miami track today and was in the box of Mr. H. L. Redfield, of Philadelphia. The seventy-four-year-old thoroughbred was admired by many as she sat there pawing Mr. Redfield and champing on her beads.

Mrs. Emily B. Nestor, who is spending the Winter at her fishing camp at Long Key, has her hooks out at the Flamingo Hotel in Miami Beach for a few days.

Miss Margaret Chatfield is the guest of Mrs. Edward J. Cleaver, her sister-in-law-of-Hastings-on-the-Hudson-over-the-week-end.

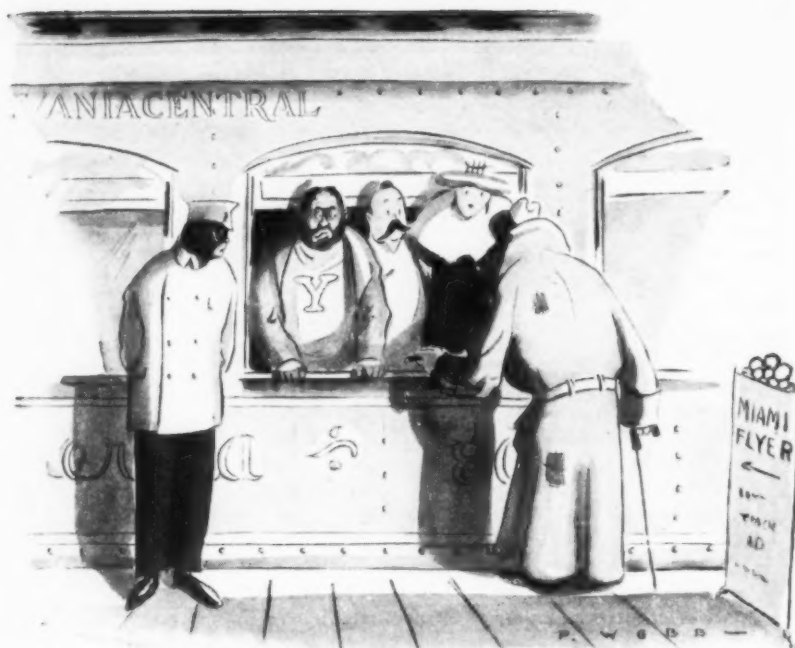
—Jack Cluett.

## The Modern Dictionary

**Broom, n.** A device enabling a shopkeeper to stir up dust from a sidewalk and scatter it over the passersby. It is also used by farmers in the construction of the scarecrow, by children in the improvisation of the hobby horse, and by women in the manufacture of a curtain rod. Any woman would rather saw up a dollar broom for a curtain rod than buy a new curtain rod for thirty cents.

...

**Calendar, n.** A schedule with which man has thoughtfully provided himself in order that he may not forget that his days are numbered. For woman the calendar is unnecessary—she has the looking-glass. The ordinary calendar gives the different phases of the moon, which interest nobody in particular, and the legal holidays, which concern wage earners chiefly by reason



"Really, Mrs. Peebles, I think it's very amusing of you to take Thornton along—the sunshine an' bathin' will make a new man of 'im—especially the bathin'."



"Scram, sir!"

of the deprivation of their pay. A legislative calendar, however, is more useful, as it indicates the date on which each measure is to be taken up, thus enabling the lawmakers to come prepared to avoid it.

**Café au lait complet.** Coffee served with a small helping of bread and butter and an imposing portion of dog.

**Eclair, n.** A small, oblong cake, containing flavored cream and usually coated with chocolate. It is used for testing the will power of a woman.

**Eclipse, n.** Obscuration of a shining object by a dark one. Eclipses of the sun by the moon are infrequent and usually partial, while eclipses of the salary by misfortune occur more regularly and are notably impartial. The former appear at their best through a piece of smoked glass. The latter appear at their worst through a bottle.

**Jack-of-all-trades.** An unscrupulous person of extraordinary will power, so determined to gain his ends that he sticks at nothing.

—Asia Kagowan.



## Houses Of Cards

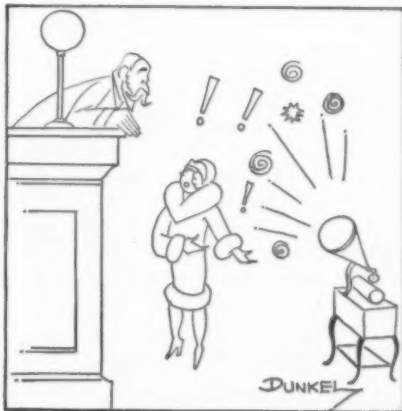
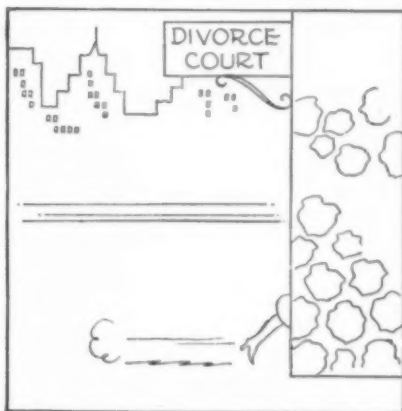
I have gazed at stately mansions on my tours the world around,  
At the palaces of potentates and emperors renowned.  
I have seen the frowning castles standing sentry o'er the Rhine;  
I have paused in ancient taverns for a social glass of wine;  
I've seen Monte Carlo's villas, California's bungalows;  
I've seen chalets near the heavens buried deep in Alpine snows;  
I've seen mosques and great pagodas where the heathen idols squat—  
But I'll tell you very frankly that I wouldn't trade the lot  
For those inoffensive dwellings on whose doors you gently knock—  
For the little brownstone houses in the middle of the block!

Ah, those little brownstone houses with their shades and shutters drawn,  
With their guardian gates of iron that one opens in the dawn!  
Ah, those little brownstone houses with their sagging brownstone stoops,  
From beneath whose hidden precincts sound suspicious "whees!" and "whoops!"  
There a man can ease his burdens, there good-fellowship is king,  
There repressions melt like snowballs when the happy patrons sing,  
There is comradeship by evening, there is magic balm by day,  
There the gentlemen Falstaffian as the sun shines make hey! hey!  
There assorted ribald rebels an amendment gayly mock—  
In the little brownstone houses in the middle of the block!

May the blasters and the wreckers and the dynamiters spare  
Every little brownstone dwelling so sedately standing there.  
May they never do them damage, may they never tear them down;  
May the little brownstone houses ever lubricate the town.  
May no huge apartment building named "The Pre-Venetian Arms"  
Ever rise to mark the passing of the brownstone houses' charms.  
May no laws be countermanded and no statutes set aside,  
No enactments be discarded, no amendments nullified,  
So that nothing legislative hurls a governmental rock—  
At the little brownstone houses in the middle of the block!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

( 15 )



DUNKEL

# Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

## Investigating Spenders Is Expensive!

WOODROW WILSON once remarked that it was interesting to watch the men he had appointed to office—to note "how some of them grew, and some others just swelled."

Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, snooper-in-chief on campaign expenditures by and for gentlemen and ladies so misguided that they try to break into the Senate, thus endangering the vested rights of sitting senators, has been pondering this. He is worried over which of these developments the voters of North Dakota may think has happened to him. It is rather important, for he comes up for re-election next year.

And it is all the fault of that pesky George Moses, of New Hampshire. Why didn't the man content himself with calling the Progressives "Sons of the Wild Jackasses?" That didn't hurt Nye any. On the contrary, it classed him with La Follette and Norris, and made quite a figure of him out in the wheat country.

But when it comes to putting Nye's expense account in the Congressional Record, for all who wish to read—is that senatorial courtesy? It is rather difficult to write about this without some feeling, for only a few months ago LIFE printed a very convincing (to me) article attempting to prove that senatorial courtesy still lives! And here this Moses kicks over the apple cart!

But listen to what Mr. Nye said on the floor of the Senate a few minutes after he learned what Moses had done to him:

"I can see these pages from the Congressional Record in the pocket of every political foe in North Dakota next year, when I shall be seeking re-election, and I can hear tongues wagging and I can see lips moving in whispers, pointing out some little item in this account, showing how lavishly

Nye lives when is out on government expense, showing how liberally he tips when he is on government expense, showing what extraordinary and lavish accommodations he insists upon having at hotels when it is on government expense."

And he might have said a good deal more as to what may be said by his enemies in North Dakota, aided by the perfidy of this Moses who poses as a Republican at election times, and then stabs Republican senators in the back between times.

For instance, that nice stop-off in Glacier National Park, for four or five

such an apparent wandering about at great expense to the federal treasury.

But not a word did Mr. Moses insert in the record to show that it was at about this time that Senator Nye heard that Ruth Hanna McCormick had sleuths investigating Nye's record in North Dakota, so that it became obviously imperative for the Nye Committee to see at once what they were up to!

And does Moses really begrudge Senator Nye a few days—just four or five—recreation in Glacier National Park during such a hot spell? This is manifestly not the motive, for Mr. Moses made no reference whatever to the fact that during the Christmas holidays Senator Nye, as chairman of the Public Lands Committee, found it necessary to go, also at government expense, to Florida on account of some important development or other in the Everglades National Park (best reached via West Palm Beach).

It is very discouraging if the older senators are going to raise objections and lay hindrances in the path of educating and broadening the younger ones. Here was Nye, back in 1925, just a little country editor, publishing a weekly paper at Cooperstown, North Dakota.

He comes to the Senate, and the Senate attempts to provide a liberal education for him.

So that he may not be in the unfortunate position of Senator Thaddeus Caraway of Arkansas, whose brother, Caraway told the Senate did

not have clothes fit to wear to church because of the drought, a position is provided for Nye's brother on the Public Lands Committee. Then he is set to traveling, with authority to question all whom it may please him to summon. He has visited not less than one-third of the states in the Union in this broadening experience.

And just after Uncle Sam has begun to have a right to feel proud of his educational progress, here comes Moses and may waste all this money by keeping Nye from getting re-elected. It is just plain uneconomic.



"Pa, I am doing my homework for school—does the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment mean that nobody can have any more intoxicating drinks?"

days, with the local concessionaires of the National Parks you may be sure taking every pains to insure the comfort of United States senators. That stop, by the way, was enroute, apparently from the expense account, from Fargo, North Dakota, to Cooperstown, North Dakota, the latter being Nye's home town and the former being one of the big crowded cities of his electorate. Glacier Park is only about twenty hours' ride west of these two towns, and there was time to be killed.

Senator Moses was unkind enough to print this expense account, showing



"Indian white man's friend. No go to white man's village.  
White man's movie rotten."

## D'You Hear?

Dear Sir:

We appreciate the interest you are taking in helping to reduce noise in the subways of the I. R. T. Co. and are always glad to consider any suggestions you care to make, direct to the company.

Many, many worthwhile improvements have been brought to our attention by the patrons of this company, and in many cases, have netted their originators quite a few dollars. They have helped to make the I. R. T. system quiet and correspondingly efficient.

We regret, however, that we cannot allow you to take matters in your own hands, and call upon you to cease the habit of using rubber nickels in the turnstiles of this corporation.

Very truly yours,  
INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT,  
per D. L. Cotie,  
Supt. of Platform Sanitation.

## What Dreams Mean

"The man following me slipped an old piece of newspaper into the neck of my dress . . . I fall dying . . . Sometimes I get a feeling I'll poison a few people here at home."

—From the Dream Column of the  
New York Mirror.

You should get some new relatives  
—and a high-necked dress.

## News

FIRST CHORINE: Did you tell anybody of your secret marriage?

SECOND BITTO: No, I'm waiting for my husband to sober up—I want him to be the first to know.

## Quaint

For all its lawlessness, there are still a few fine old Pilgrim customs surviving in Chicago. For instance, they carry their guns to church.

## Squeeze Play

Give a subway rider an inch and he'll take a seat.



ARTIST: Something tells me this new model won't do at all!



# Theatre • by Baird Leonard

**P**IRANDELLO'S "As You Desire Me" is full of sound and fury, and signifies almost nothing. But, being a characteristic blend of mystery, melodrama, and metaphysics, it gives to Judith Anderson a rôle of which actresses lie awake at night and dream. She comes in soused, she suffers and suffers, she wears slinky, skin-tight gowns, she walks up and down a staircase and poses on its landing, and at moments neither author nor audience is certain about her identity. And she does it all extremely well. (In this connection, Marie Doro, one of the most intelligent and cultivated women of our theatre, once told me that she had been given mousy, saccharine parts for so long, that the high moment of her career came when she was assigned in an all-star revival to a rôle which allowed her to beat upon a door. And how she did whack it!) The story of "As You Desire Me" concerns a woman who, violated by soldiers marching by her husband's villa, had disappeared through shame at her experience, and sunk to unbelievable debauchery in the cabaret life of Berlin. She is discovered twelve years later by an old family friend and persuaded to return with him to Italy and resume her rightful place in life. But time has worked such ravages in her appearance and constitution that there is grave doubt amongst her relatives as to the justice of her claims, a doubt which is not decreased by the appearance of another woman with similar intentions. After considerable Pirandelloish hemming and hawing, the real wife gives up the struggle and returns, unregenerate, to the scenes of her downfall. There is a general opinion, which I share, that the author is not at his befuddling best in this piece. On the night I saw it, Jose Ruben did not appear as the painter, and because of the long waits and ignorance as to their cause, I entertained for a moment the mean and grim hope that for the first time in my life I should hear from a stage that famous, pregnant inquiry, "Is there a doctor in the audience?"

**T**HE Shuberts have given "The Student Prince" a magnificent revival. Sigmund Romberg's score, which ranges from the stirring to the romantic, still sounds as splendid as ever, and there is something about this

story of old Heidelberg which seems to recapture youth for many of us amongst whom the shadows are beginning to lengthen slightly. I could listen to the students' marching song endlessly. In fact, every number in "The Student Prince" is good, a pertinent comment on current musicals whose producers think they are doing a great favor to the public if they give them one song which they can remember, a beneficence in which they are not always successful. The costumes are gorgeous, especially those in the scene between the princess and the soldiers in which Margaret Adams wears a white dress brocaded with circles of silver flowers and every chorus girl a different *robe de style* which any woman weighing less than one hundred and fifty pounds would like to snatch off their backs. It may be gathered from the foregoing effusions that I had a swell evening.

**T**HERE is little to be said here about Noel Coward's "Private Lives" except that it has caught the public fancy beyond the most sanguine expectations of its author and producer and now ranks as what the academicians call a smash hit. Mr. Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, two of the theatre's most charming people, make it so. If done by anybody else, I doubt if its success would be so great, but these performers are expert in the delivery of the sophisticated—I hate that word, but sometimes there is no synonym for it—dialogue which Mr. Coward knows so well how to write. The opening situation finds each of them, after a five years' divorce, married to somebody else, and embarking on the first night of second honeymoons in adjacent balcony rooms of a hotel on the French Riviera. They light a great many cigarettes, but they are by no means nonchalant about it, for the curtain finds them in flight to Amanda's apartment in Paris, leaving their respective spouses to figure things out as best they can. Their former marital bickerings resume themselves in the second act, with a good deal of scratching and clawing, and the end finds the flat a complete wreck as the abandoned pair walk in upon the combat. The denouement features an amusing breakfast scene, with Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence again sneaking off, leaving

Jill Esmond and Lawrence Olivier, who also do well by the piece, similarly embattled.

**L**YNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs" recaptures a phase of American life with which most of us are unfamiliar. It is laid in the Indian Territory in 1900, and is filled with homely characters and traditional cowboy songs, and affords Helen Westley the opportunity of adding another characterization of an old woman, Aunt Eller Murphy, to her rapidly growing gallery. As one partial to the politer drama, I am unable to share the enthusiasm which this play has awakened in various circles, but the Theatre Guild has given it a good production, and the author has written it with sincerity and, I am told, authenticity. It will at least be a satisfaction for those who, like the ancient Athenians, are always on the *qui vive* for some new thing, and it has a salty, folk lore quality which should establish it as a commendable contribution to Americana. June Walker gave a good performance as the orphan bride whose wedding night was made so turbulent by the shivaree customary in that early, unsettled country.

**R**OCK ME, JULIE, is an Old Home Week of the Satterlee family at their farm on an Illinois section of the Mississippi River. The children return with their various husbands and wives, and Helen Menken, who had gone to New York to have a career as a singer, returns with a confession of her failure and the imminence of an illegitimate child. Through some odd trick of fate, the farm is now in the possession of an adopted son (Paul Muni), who is about to sell the family up and make off to better things with his capital of three thousand dollars. He would have been glad to abandon his dreams if it had turned out that Charlotte (Miss Menken), who had always been his ideal, had really loved him, but he found out that she didn't. had come home only to be lulled by the memories of her childhood, have her baby, etc., and so, after her sensible mother had packed her off to Chicago to go through her troubles on her own, he was left in just the same muddle as before, and so was everybody else.



"Aw, let go, Mary! I've just got to get in this fight."

Tests were made in Cleveland of a traffic light which turns green when a motorist blows his horn. For a number of years we have had traffic policemen who turn purple.

SIMILE: As nervous as a stenographer taking dictation from Floyd Gibbons.

Then there was the man who kissed the radio and turned on his wife.

CUSTOMER: I suppose a speakeasy proprietor has his troubles too.

PROPRIETOR: Yes, there are times when he can hardly get the money to meet his bulls.

One mistake a lot of graduates make is trying to college their way through work.

## IT'S GETTIN GWARMER

—New York Telegram.

Gfine!



( 19 )

## Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *lease* with a *w* and get a ferocious little beast.
- (2) Scramble *repeat* with a *x* and get a tricky swing.
- (3) Scramble *creeps* with an *i* and get exact.
- (4) Scramble *liters* with a *g* and get something to chew on.
- (5) Scramble *goiter* with a *v* and get a dizziness.

(Answers on Page 29)

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "Trader Horn"

WITHOUT a single murmur of ballyhoo about "authenticity" Metro-Goldwyn presents herewith a film that has all of the African animal pictures tied to the mast for action and convincing realism.

The movie rights to the novel by the venerable Mr. Horn were obviously purchased for nothing except the privilege of using a good boxoffice title—the big idea from start to finish being the animals, with some honest-to-goodness talking pictures of native tribesmen thrown in as an added attraction. This combination, together with adequate performances by Harry Carey, Duncan Renald, Edwina Booth and a big black fellow named Mutia Omoolu, provide two hours of excitement that will be enjoyed by everybody except people whose nerves are upset by the capers of wild beasts.

In addition to the usual shots of game that are seen in all African travel films, "Trader Horn" offers some closeups of scraps between jungle animals that will make you sit on the edge of your seat and hold your breath. No doubt these scenes were framed, nor would we be surprised if some of the beasts are native born Americans, but the effects obtained are none the less convincing.

This is equally as true of the scenes in which the natives go through the motions of roasting Trader and his friends alive, while the drums beat wildly and the savage-looking warriors sing their tribal ditties.

The chiefs and medicine men argue the matter out in their native Swahili, or whatever it is they speak—the white girl (who has been living with them since childhood and is, of course, regarded as some sort of high priestess) intercedes in a mess of jargon that might very well be the same language—and the whole business is carried out with amazing naturalness—particularly on the part of the black men.

Toward the end of the film the story degenerates into one of those things in which two men love the same woman. Harry wants her—Duncan wants

her—and then our evening was almost ruined when the girl we were with (a blonde) said, "Do you suppose she will commit Harry Carey?"

Director W. S. Van Dyke deserves a big hand for this fine piece of showmanship. . . and an added burst of applause for Clyde De Vinna's excellent photography.

## "Fighting Caravans"

FIGHTING CARAVANS" is a story of the *Old West*.

It shows pioneers "winning" their way across prairies, mountains and rivers to "Californy."

The *Chief Scout* or hero is Gary Cooper.

The *Girl* is Lily Damita.

The two *Old Scouts* are Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence.

They always are.

When they get drunk they shoot things off of each other's heads.

They always do.

There is a fight with the Indians.

By some error in direction the graves of the pioneers are not referred to as "Milestones In The March Of Civilization."

The picture differs in one respect from other pictures about pioneers and wagon trains.

The others were better.

There is no reason why the picture should have been made.

There is no reason why the capable cast should have been wasted on such junk.

And there is no reason why you should see it.

## "Illicit"

THE big idea of this film is that two people fall in love because they do so enjoy playing with each other, like, for instance, when they eat a meal he will pretend to be the waiter and she will pretend to be French. You know—sort of make-believe. And, gee! it is all such fun until they get married. You see the mistake they make is in doing their make-believing *before* they are married. So what can you expect? She says, we will live apart for a while and see if this will bring us back together. So she finds a ducky little apartment and he goes to the Harvard Club to forget, which is silly because when you live at the Harvard Club the one thing you cannot forget is that you are a Harvard man, and if you remember that you are a Harvard man just think of the things you can't possibly forget.

However, there are three good things about "Illicit." The first, and most important, is Charles Butterworth, a young man who never fails to set this department off into gales of laughter. Every time he appears, which is all too seldom, he creates at least one laugh, and because of his toast to "Mother's Day" we cannot feel bitterly about the rest of the film.

The second interesting point is the performance of Ricardo Cortez, which proves that he could do something really worth while in talkies if given the chance.

The third is the moral, which warns lovers of the folly of creating a serious affection on the strength of a mutual ability to play games or talk baby talk. These things are all very well in the cool of the evening, but few people can stand the strain of playing house in the early morning.

Barbara Stanwyck is having her once lovely figure obliterated by hips . . . and James Rennie has never appeared in a rôle that showed him to such poor advantage.



## Great Minds at Work



glumsome grinner otherso. And how are you, waggy? —James Joyce.

A new car is worth 1,000 peacocks' tails, possesses greater beauty, and has the additional advantage of being useful. —Arthur Brisbane.

Foreign travel is commendable. —Calvin Coolidge.

It is toward the American working girl that goes my admiration. —Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

What do I think of newspaper comic strips? I think they're terribly funny, and the way they stay funny day after day is amazing. —Max Eastman.

If I were not the Prince of Wales, there is one job I would delight to tackle—that of special correspondent to a newspaper. Going out after a story must be one of the finest jobs in the world. —H. M. Prince of Wales.

There is absolutely no reason why farmers should snore through the winter in idleness as most of them do now. —H. L. Mencken.

It would be great to be great. —George Matthew Adams.

There is nobody like Garbo. —Marlene Dietrich.

## Niagravating

One can scarcely blame Niagara Falls for going to pieces after hearing a million honeymooners say, "Whose 'ittle sweetie-ectums is 'oo?"

## Success

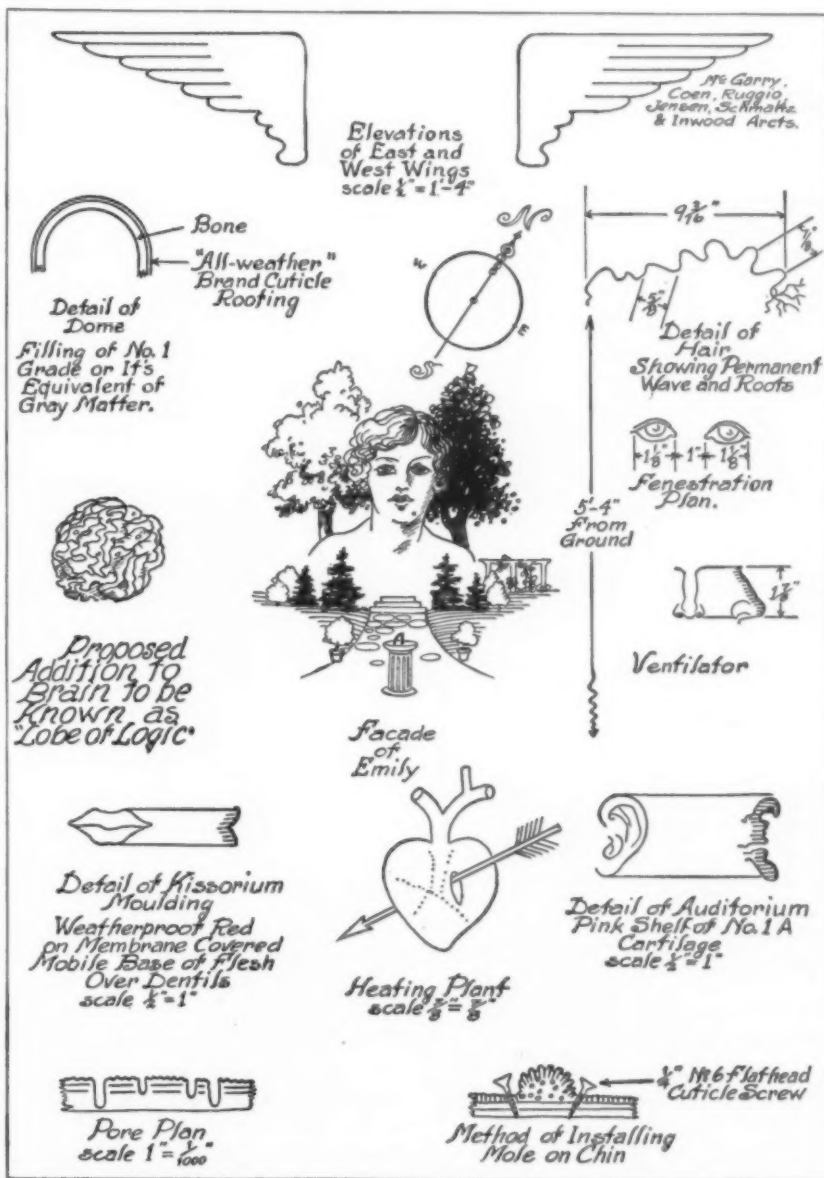
"Reducing may be carried to extremes," advises a physician. We are told of one young woman of 130 pounds who went at it so strenuously she took off 130 pounds.

## Pome on Predicting Prosperity

Lives of great men oft remind us,  
We can make forecasts sublime—  
And departing, leave behind us,  
Sidesteps on the sands of Time.  
—O. K.

## Journey's End

The new postmaster of Boston started as a mail carrier 33 years ago. It took a lot of walking just to reach the point where he can play a little golf.



The architect's portrait of his wife.

# Life at Home

**BUFFALO**—Miniature golf has acquired a new dignity in Buffalo. One of the chief attractions of some of the better speakeasies is complete miniature golf courses.

**SPARTANSBURG, S. C.**—Four years ago Dean Switzer, now aged twelve, fell out of a tree and broke his leg. Recently he decided to climb the same tree, whereupon he again tumbled down, breaking the same leg in the same place. We suggest he try another tree.

**SPRINGFIELD, MO.**—John Shepard, who conducts his business on Springfield's streets, deals exclusively in hot tamales.

A man approached him last night. Shepard thought he was a customer. Instead, the man demanded Shepard's money.

Shepard met the demand by grabbing a handful of his hot spiced food and rubbing it vigorously into the eyes of the robber. The robber screamed and fled.

**ADA, O.**—Frank Detrick is an enthusiastic landscape gardener. He had a pergola which was covered with vines, and a yard decorated with shrubs which he had tended for years.

He gave a needy college student the job of cleaning up the yard.

A few hours later a neighbor ran to the Detrick home and asked why all the shrubs and vines had been cut down and piled in the back alley.

Mrs. Detrick took one look at the scene of devastation and fainted. Mr. Detrick has not been quoted.

**CINCINNATI**—Alfred Fehl, taxicab driver, reported to police recently that three bandits stole his false teeth when they could find no money on him.

**EVANSTON, ILL.**—To Frank A. Williams, of Chicago, goes the all-time championship in the alibi division of motor speeding, according to Magistrate Harry H. Porter.

"Well, judge," said Williams when he was arraigned on a charge of going through a stop light at forty-three miles an hour, "my wife and I were quarreling and as we approached the corner she deliberately jabbed me in the leg with her hatpin."

Magistrate Porter smiled.

"You're fined \$10 and costs," he said, "but it's the best alibi I have ever heard."



"Mr. Street is out to lunch."

**NEWARK, N. J.**—Stephen Schandar appeared before Judge Thomas Guthrie in police court, charged with vagrancy.

Asked what he had under his arm, Schandar produced a violin.

"Let's hear you play it," said the judge.

"I don't wanna," pouted Schandar. "Go on, play it," ordered the court.

Schandar scratched out what might pass for "The Prisoner's Song."

"Enough!" said the judge. "Thirty days for vagrancy and thirty days for the way you play."

## And Abroad

**NICE, FRANCE**—Elderly members of the winter colony objected because young men and women bathed in the nude. They said that such things were immoral and spoiled the beauty of the scenery. Whereupon the younger set moved out three miles to sea in boats, and continued to bathe as they chose. But the elderly colonists still complained. By using high-powered field glasses they could see as much as ever. So the bathers have been ordered to move out twelve miles in the future.

**NOTTINGHAM, ENG.**

—Postal authorities are searching for an absent-minded woman who posted her umbrella. They suspect she has parked her letter in the hallstand.

The mistake was not discovered until irate business men began complaining about orders that had gone astray and the missing letters were found in the partly opened umbrella.

**LONDON**—The city officials in Brixworth were alarmed at the increase of rats in the town. They decided to spread poison, realizing that the town cats couldn't stave off the invasion of the rodents. They

spread the stuff all around the town. Two days later only two cats were left alive and the rats had increased considerably.

**SOUTHEND, ENG.**—Arrested for beating his wife, a man here blamed American movies. "The talking films have Americanized my wife," he declared. "She calls me 'big boy' and when I tell her to do anything she says, 'O. K. Chief.'"

**LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA**—Charles Hanson is admitting farmers to his movie theatre for a bushel of wheat apiece.

# Our Foolish Contemporaries



"George—about this tie I'm knitting for you. Do you mind if it's a sock instead?"  
—Humorist.

JUDGE: But, madam, how could you marry a man you knew to be a burglar?

WITNESS: Oh, he is so quiet about the house.  
—Pathfinder.

YOUNG WIFE: I learnt to cook while my husband was abroad.

MOTHER: Well, and what did he say when he returned?

YOUNG WIFE: He went abroad again.  
—Cornwall Advertiser.

JUDGE WATT: Congratulate me, dear, I have been reappointed.

WIFE: Honestly!

JUDGE WATT: Shh!

—Pathfinder.

LAWYER (reading very rich lady's will): And to my nephew Percy, for his kindness in calling every week to feed my darling goldfish, I leave my darling goldfish.  
—The Humorist.

A Chicago actress came into a lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the lady. "I can have him shot for ten."

—Iowa Frivol.

"I thought you said Bill was a man of regular habits."

"He is. Why?"

"Well, he was tight last night."

"Sure, that's one of his regular habits."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The teacher was interested in the announcement by a little girl pupil that she had a new baby brother.

"And what is the baby's name?" the teacher asked.

"Aaron," was the reply.

A few days later the teacher inquired after Aaron, but the little girl regarded her in perplexity.

"Aaron?" she repeated.

"Your baby brother," the teacher prompted.

Understanding dawned upon the child's face.

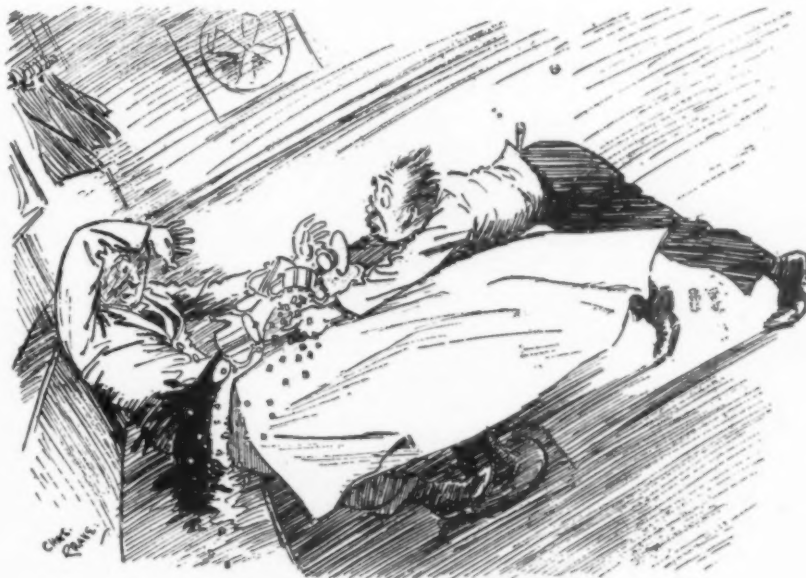
"Oh, Aaron!" she exclaimed. "That was a mistake. It's Moses. Pa an' Ma checked up and found we had an Aaron."  
—Tatler.

A comedian complains that there aren't any more Scotch jokes. It isn't that. It's just that people are so thrifty these days that Scotch jokes have lost their point.

—New York Evening Post.

The radio makes little appeal to the sophisticated. It is one form of entertainment that doesn't include ladies' legs.

—Publisher's Syndicate.



USEFUL REMARKS.

STEWARD (serving coffee): It's freshly made, sir.

—Punch (by permission).



# From Life's



LIFE'S FUNDAMENTALIST

# Family Album



MUSEUM

Reprinted from Lure, May 1, 1924

# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.  
See Page 32

(Listed in the order of their openings)

## Plays

- ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$3.85—Last year's Pulitzer prize play. The negro's idea of the Bible story beautifully and amusingly done.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$3.00—Allan Dinchart in a hilarious small-town comedy by Frank Craven.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Uproarious satire spoofing Hollywood and the talkies—with one of the authors—George Kaufman—in the cast.
- ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' entertaining comedy of three ex-chorines.
- ★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—The sad and charming story of a lady unable to look

her age. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.

- ★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—Lenore Ulric stirs up a preacher and a bootlegger with a bit of husky voiced luring.
- ★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace's burlesque melodrama of our Chicago gangsters. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.

- ★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt continue to make this historical romance something not to be missed.

GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Continental hotel. But—try and get tickets.

- ★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy with Helen Gahagen as an opera singer willing to "live" for her art's sake.

- ★THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Mary Boland portrays the middle-aged lady whose romantic imagination for the past gets her into romantic difficulties in the present.

- ★OH PROMISE ME! *Morisco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Lee Tracy shows how an elderly—

though temporarily innocent—philanderer can be successfully blackmailed.

- ★PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. *Empire*. \$3.85—Drawing room comedy wherein Helen Hayes wangles a diplomatic post for her husband.

- ★THE TRUTH GAME. *Barrymore*. \$3.85—Ivor Novello—author and leading man—pursues the charming Phoebe Foster while Billie Burke and Viola Tree do fancy work.

- ★FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort*. \$3.85—Most exciting melodrama in town. Vigorous attack on the tabloid scandal sheet. With Arthur Byron as the editor.

- ★PHILIP GOES FORTH. *Biltmore*. \$3.85—A straightforward, clean comedy of a young man with ambitions to be a playwright.

- ★TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller*. \$3.85—Philip Barry's hit show of a

restless woman with thwarted maternal instinct. With Zita Johann, Herbert Marshall and Osgood Perkins.

- ★ANATOL. *Booth*. \$3.00—Joseph Schildkraut portrays the prodigiously amorous young man of Schnitzler's farce. Beautifully and effectively staged.

- ★GREEN GROW THE LILACS. *Guild*. \$3.00—Indian territory in the early 1900's. With Helen Westley, June Walker and Franchot Tone. And fifteen cowboys do some great singing.

- ★AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.85—Pirandello's disturbing play with Judith Anderson as the lady of doubtful identity.

- ★PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Noel Coward—author and leading man—with Gertrude Lawrence—and a successful three months' run in London.

- ★IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES. *Bijou*. \$3.00—Endless discussion of who is the father of the baby left on the front porch.

- ★ROCK ME, JULIE. *Royale*. \$3.00—Paul Muni and Helen Menken in this story of an American family done in the Russian fashion.

- ★THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire*.—Katharine Cornell in a play based on the lives of Edith Barrett and Robert Browning.

- ★DR. X. HUDSON. \$3.00—A mystery play with May Vokes, Howard Lang and Eden Gray.

## Musical

- ★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$5.50—Joe Cook goes on and on in a swell show.

- ★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—And this is the most entertaining revue in town. With Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.

- ★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman and the cowboy quartette.

- ★THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Sophisticated, smart revue with the maximum of stars—Clayton, Jackson and Durante: Frances Williams: Hope Williams and Waring's Pennsylvanians.

- ★BALLYHOO. *Hammerstein*. \$4.40—W. C. Fields and Chaz Chase are funny. The rest is not so good.

- ★MEET MY SISTER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Charming play with music—but no choruses—when you're in a mood for quiet and relaxation. With Bettina Hall and George Grossmith.

- ★YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$4.40—The new collegiate revue with pep featuring Lou Holtz.

- ★THE GANG'S ALL HERE. *Imperial*—A galaxy of stars including Ted Healy, Zelma O'Neal, and Ruth Tester. Book by Russell Crouse.

- ★STUDENT PRINCE. *Majestic*. \$2.50—Revival of this favorite operetta.

- ★AMERICA'S SWEETHEART. *Broadhurst*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Another haw-haw at Hollywood—set to music. With Jack Whiting and Jeanne Aubert.

(Continued on Page 29)

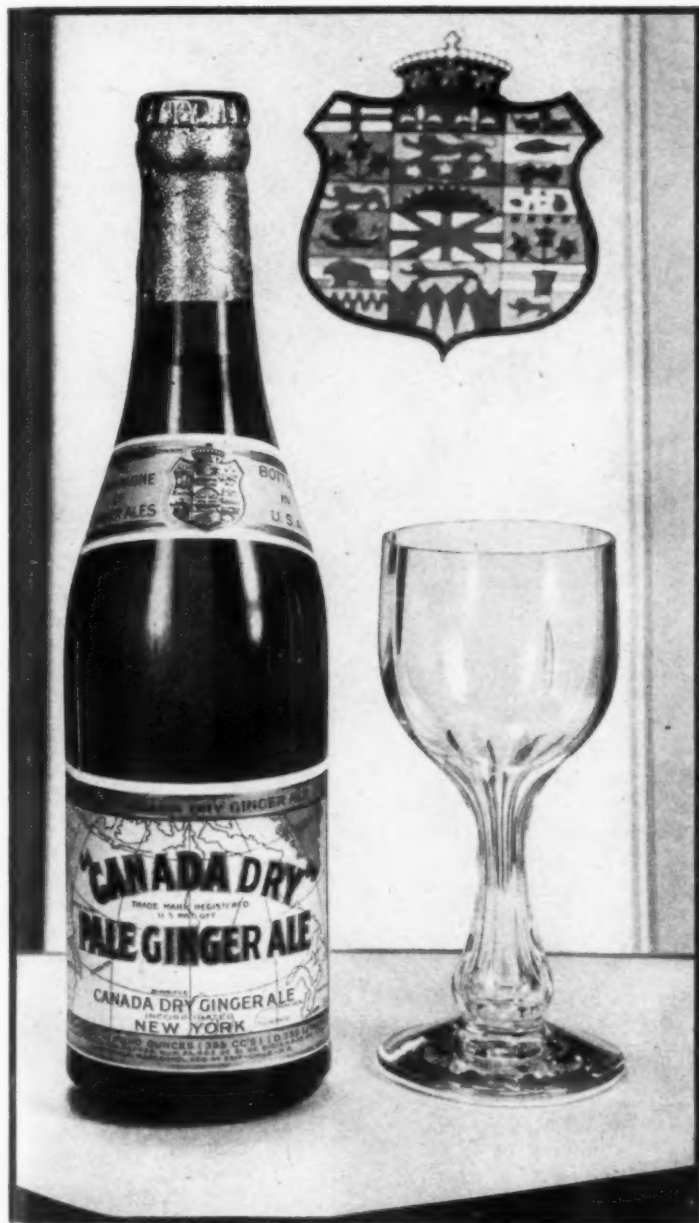


"Off to golf again, John? Have you forgotten this is the anniversary of our wedding?"

"By Jove, so it is! Awfully glad you reminded me, little woman. I must try to celebrate it with a really good round."  
—Punch (by permission).



# SHINE UP YOUR *Champagne*



## GLASSES

FOR years you have neglected your champagne glasses. But they still have a purpose in life. Tonight, at dinner, fill them with the Champagne of Ginger Ales—Canada Dry.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale is a beverage worthy of a champagne glass, for it is an aristocrat of drinks. Frosted-gold in color, with an aroma like blossoms, and a flavor as elusive as that of a rare old vintage—it has won the patronage of royalty the whole world over. You couldn't buy a purer, more healthful ginger ale—nor a more delicious one.

### *An Exclusive Process*

For, in this Champagne of Ginger Ales, there is the true flavor of the Jamaica ginger root. Canada Dry's exclusive process retains all its piquancy—all its delicious zest. To insure the utmost purity, irradiation with the ultra-violet ray is an essential step in treating all the water used in this fine old ginger ale.

Nor will Canada Dry turn "flat" like most carbonated beverages. By a special process of carbonation, the sparkle and life remain long after the bottle is opened.

For convenience order the handy Hostess Package of twelve bottles. At your grocer's.

**CANADA DRY'S**  
SPARKLING LIME      GOLDEN GINGER ALE  
SPARKLING ORANGE

These three beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful.

# CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The Champagne of Ginger Ales*

Don't  
forget  
your



after every meal  
and when you need  
refreshment. . . . .

It's good and an aid  
to good health. . . . .

"You were swindled over this Rembrandt. The picture is not fifty years old."

"I don't care about age so long as it is a genuine Rembrandt."

—*Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.*

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"

"Well, yes. It meant the same thing."

"Ah! What was the exact word?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow."

—*Halifax Courier.*



See opposite page →

CALLER: Is George in?

WIFE: Yes, he's in.

CALLER: Good; then p'raps I'll get the money he owes me.

WIFE: You're an optimist. If George had any money he wouldn't be in.

—*Kilburn Times.*

The bottom of the depression has been reached; upon unfolding a new shirt yesterday, we discovered there was only one pin in it.

—*Detroit News.*

JAYWALKER: So many people are struck by autos while alighting from street cars.

STREET CAR OFFICIAL: Well, yes, but those people have paid their fares. It's this running over people who are waiting to get on that makes me mad.

—*Pathfinder.*

Government chemists have found a new way to make alcohol unfit to drink, but the bootleggers really didn't need a new way.

—*Publishers' Syndicate.*



**LIFE**

is the Answer  
to the

Unenjoyment Situation

"Life gets better every week". We hear it every day. You can enjoy this rising market by taking advantage of Life's special offer and assuring yourself of future exercise for your sense of humor with

**LIFE for Ten Weeks**

**One Dollar (Foreign, \$1.40)**

*LIFE*, 64 East 42nd Street, New York

One Year \$5

Foreign \$6.60

HE: If you could have two wishes come true, what would you wish for?

SHE (*frankly*): Well, I'd wish for a husband.

HE: That's only one.

SHE: I'd save the other wish until I saw how he turned out.

—*Pearson's.*

The Abyssinians claim to have given coffee to the world. Yes, and if they realized how hard times are just now they'd throw in a couple of doughnuts.

—*New York Evening Post.*



HUSBAND OF TOOTHPASTE AD MODEL: Good heavens, Mabel, can't you look sad for a while?

# Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 26)

## Records

### Columbia

"LITTLE SPANISH DANCER"—Ben Selvin & His Orchestra. Take a running jump over the vocal refrain and the rest will get by all right. *and*

"YOURS AND MINE"—Same crew in optimistic mood—if you don't believe it listen to words which Smith Ballew sings.

"TEARS"—Lee Morse and Her Blue Grass Boys. Sob stuff, relieved by a smooth trumpet chorus. *and*

"THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE"—Lee in a happier frame of mind, much to our satisfaction and entertainment. Well defined rhythm.

### Victor

"I'M ALONE BECAUSE I LOVE YOU" *and*

"JUST A GIGOLO"—Leo Reisman and His Orchestra convert two rather colorless tunes into pleasing foxtrots. Subdued, enough variety, and Reisman's dignified style.

"BLUE AGAIN"—Duke Ellington and His Cotton Club Orchestra. Not as good as their recording of "Three Little Words"—but deserving favorable mention. A tune that's easy to learn. *and*

## SEE THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN



DURHAM...glorious eleventh century cathedral peacefully towering above the River Wear...a magnificent glimpse of mediæval splendour—one of many that you mustn't miss. Travelling through England's eastern counties is more than a journey...it's a panorama of history and romance...Often you have heard the names...YORK...ancient city dominated by its sublime cathedral, treasure house of stained glass...ELY, PETERBOROUGH, NORWICH, LINCOLN, FOUNTAINS ABBEY, CAMBRIDGE...and a dozen more. Let them be mere names no longer...make them into memories. You will find them all on the eastern side of Britain, served by the London and North Eastern Railway.

Call or write for new descriptive booklet 29.

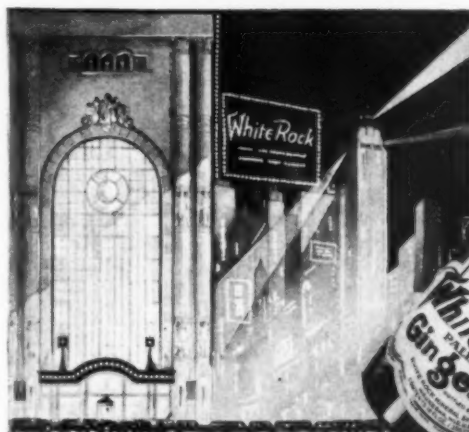
♦  
**COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM**  
General Agent, 11 W. 42nd Street  
NEW YORK

♦  
**LONDON  
AND NORTH EASTERN  
RAILWAY**  
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND



After the theatre make White Rock a part of the party.

If you enjoy ginger ale, you will be pleased with White Rock Ginger Ale—the only ginger ale made with this leading mineral water.



"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN"—Bert Lown and His Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. The Biltmore Trio make the vocal chorus an asset.

### Brunswick

"5-6-7-8-NINE LITTLE MILES FROM TEN-TEN TENNESSEE" *and*

"WHAT GOOD AM I WITHOUT YOU"—Tom Gerun and His Orchestra playing two good dance records. Tom, Dick and Harry cooperate nicely on the Tennessee affair.

"TRULY I LOVE YOU" *and*

"WHEN YOU FALL IN LOVE FALL IN LOVE WITH ME"—Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra. Recommended to lovers of low voiced, trembly saxophone playing.

### Sheet Music

"I'm No Account Any More" (No show)

"I Lost My Gal Again" (No show)

"I'm So Afraid Of You" (No show)

### Answers to Anagrams

On Page 19

- (1) Weasel.
- (2) Trapeze.
- (3) Precise.
- (4) Gristle.
- (5) Vertigo.

"That's Miss Fair, the famous beauty."

"What! Not that girl just passing?"

"Yes."

"Then all I can say is she must be a lot prettier than she looks."

—Outspan.

"The turkey is a very poor flyer," says a writer. Except when we start to carve it.

—The Humorist.



See following page →



## "BUILD A HOUSE LIKE THAT IN TWO WEEKS? SURELY YOU MEAN SIX MONTHS!"

WHEN a man moves into his Hodgson House he is likely to feel just a little sheepish for ever denying himself a summer home "because he didn't have time to build." There is almost a touch of the incredible about it—the ease and quickness with which the Hodgson House springs up in his favorite vacation spot.

We build your Hodgson House in sections; ship it ready to erect. You can have it put up in a few days by a little local labor. None of the fuss and muss that most people associate with building—no waste, delay, dickering with contractors. If you like, we will send a construction foreman to relieve you of all details.

For over thirty years we have been making these houses, sturdily and well. They are tried

and proved—accepted by people of all classes. You will find them on some of the finest estates in America, used as auxiliary, or guest houses. And in many a summer playground they remain in service, season after season, undisturbed by the severest storms, charmingly at rest in any surroundings because of their simplicity of line and genuine good taste.

Among the many floor-plans in our book, you will certainly find the one that fits your idea of a vacation home. Write for book L-2 today. It gives prices, pictures, complete information. Address E. F. Hodgson Co., 1108 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., or 730 Fifth Ave., New York. Or visit our new indoor display at the New York address. Similar display in Boston.



**HODGSON HOUSES**

We came away from a morbid fifteen-minute conversation with the dentist Saturday fully convinced that there's nothing to the world-wide depression but a few infected teeth.

—*Detroit News.*

A new musical instrument resembling a saxophone is said to be so simple in design that a child can play it. It is a great pity.

—*Humorist.*



*Cont'd from preceding page*

Harry Hale had done no work for twelve months, and his father was getting tired of keeping him.

"Harry," said his father one day. "I hear there's been a death at Johnson's factory. Why don't you go and see if you can fill the vacancy?"

Harry went. On his return he explained that he could have had the job, but the work was too hard for him to do.

"But," protested his father angrily, "you're a strong, fit man. If the man who died could do it, surely you could."

"It wasn't a man that died," replied the energetic Harry. "It was a horse."

—*Pearson's.*

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

"Freda, our new cook, says she puts her very heart into her cooking."

"She must have been heavy-hearted when she made this cake."

—*Answers.*



PEDESTRIAN: *Heh, heh—missed!*

Harry Hershfield's contrib concerns the Joosh fellow who was the victim of a stick-up man the other midnight. After the hold-up, he picked himself up from the gutter and walked straight into the gun of another bandit. "You are outta luck," said the dialectician. "Just now another guy took all my money and everything."

"Yeah!" replied the robber. "What did he look like?"

"He had brown eyes," answered the breathless victim, "and brown hair, a mustache, a dark blue suit, black shoes with pearl grey spats on and he carried a cane."

"Your memory for descriptions is too good," said the highwayman as he shot him dead.

—*New York Mirror.*



"Before we shove off, sailor, where abouts is the stowaway deck on this steamer?"

★ **A** ★  
**distinct advance**  
**in shaving**  
**comfort**

LIKE all Squibb Products, Squibb Shaving Cream represents a definite improvement over other brands.

The Squibb chemists have perfected a shaving cream which is built along a newer, sounder idea of scientific shaving . . . a cream with two actions.

1. It brings comfort while you shave. For it contains a balm which makes the razor glide without rasping or tugging.
2. It brings comfort after you shave. For Squibb's contains an ingredient especially developed to replace the delicate oils that keep your skin comfortable all day long and make it healthy.

To prove the added luxury that this second action gives you, ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-sized tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.

# SQUIBB

**Double-action**  
**SHAVING CREAM**

MISS GOSSIPER: I think you are very mean! You said you wouldn't give away the secret I told you.

MISS TALKER: I didn't give it away. I exchanged it for another.

—Answers.

In America, gangsters are *not* given the freedom of the city. They just take it.  
 —Everybody's Weekly.

"Why sell fly paper in winter?"  
 "Because there is no competition then."  
 —Faun, Vienna.



Winners of LIFE's Cross Word  
 Picture Puzzle No. 75

G	A	R	D	E	N	E	R	A	L	P	S
A	W	A	Y	O	M	I	R	E	A	P	
L	E	N	E	R	O	B	R	A	N	A	
A	S	K	N	I	L	T	A	K	E	S	
			W	E	A	L	T	H	Y		
B	E	L	I	E	I	R	E	P	O	D	
A	Z	O	V	R	E	I	R	I	D	E	
T	R	U	E	A	N	T	U	P	O	N	
H	A	T	S	S	T	E	A	M	E	R	S



The wealthy gardener takes a bath.

A. R. Shaw,  
 "Tome,"  
 Port Deposit, Maryland.

For explanation: Say it with showers.

Stephen O'Hagan,  
 2327 Fillmore St.,  
 San Francisco, Calif.

For explanation: "Not too heavy on the sub-soil, Meadows."

M. O. Bader,  
 103 West 19th St.,  
 Wilmington, Del.

For explanation: "Directions—spray limbs and trunk, especially around bottom."

Jeanette McKinley,  
 5 Course View Rd.,  
 Bronxville, N. Y.

For explanation: Loosening the soil.



"Something's wrong, Joe, the cow's talking instead of the farmer."



**Abbott's**  
**BITTERS**

Tones the Stomach  
 Improves the Appetite  
 Aids Digestion

Sample of Bitters by  
 mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.  
 Baltimore, Md.

Some girls are such bad shots that they couldn't even hit the broad side of a husband.



## Face Protection

Burma-Shave, in addition to softening the beard, lays down a protective coating for the skin. This coating, while extremely thin, is very resistant. It takes the "scrape" entirely out of your shave.

Through 346 experiments, our chemists developed this film. Today it is one of the outstanding features of Burma-Shave. In shaving, the combination of tough whiskers and a tender skin loses all of its former terror. Firm and rapid razor strokes replace timid and faltering ones.

Burma-Shave and a good blade—you just won't know you're shaving!

Clint Odell  
 PRESIDENT

P. S.—At the drug store in 35c tubes, also ½ pound and 1 pound jars. Try the 35c tube first. It's a whopper—half a foot long by 1½ inches in diameter.



# LIFE'S Ticket Service

*\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.*

*\*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.*

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

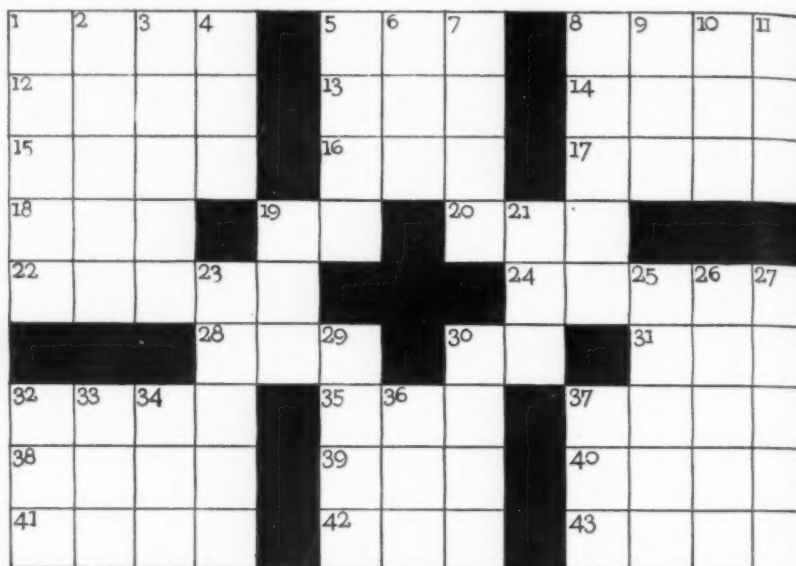
Check for \$.....Enclosed

## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 80

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than fifteen words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes March 13, 1931.



### ACROSS.

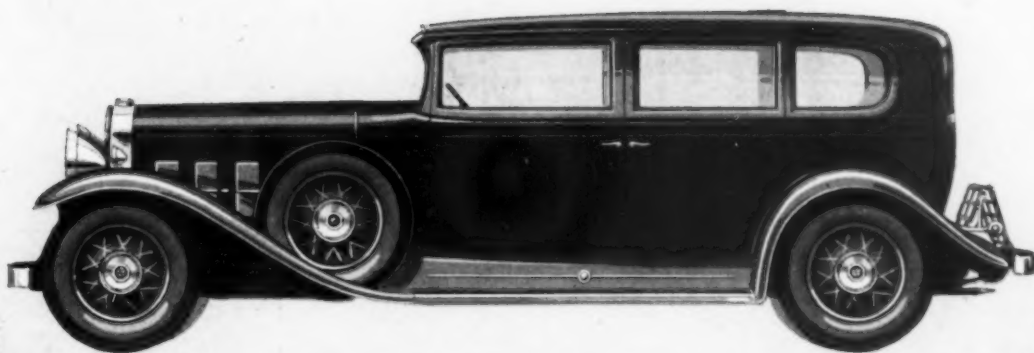
1. No other.
5. The laurel tree.
8. A lover's quarrel.
12. Replica.
13. Historic period.
14. A luminous circle.
15. Legislative assembly S. Afr.
16. A good listener.
17. A friend in need.
18. Get ready to fight.
19. A president of the U. S., init.
20. The age we live in.
22. Use a scale.
24. The Devil's best bet.
28. Went ahead.
30. Belonging to.
31. Rival.
32. A state in Brazil.
35. A priestly vestment.
37. A warning shout.
38. Grows old.
39. It's whiskey.
40. Added to with difficulty.
41. Drowzes.
42. This can let you in to a lot of trouble.
43. Smoking rooms.

### DOWN.

1. This will show which way the wind blows.
2. On guard.
3. City in Florida.
4. The very limit.
5. Suds.
6. A southern constellation.
7. A tale of the sea.
8. A wrap.
9. A Platonic lover.
10. Everyone.
11. Plaything.
19. Definite article.
21. Not on.
23. This is easy to see through.
25. Summon forth.
26. A fog horn.
27. Regards.
29. This is not fair.
30. To yield.
32. God of the flocks.
33. Past.
34. Revolutionary.
36. Alkaline solution.
37. Nourished.







## TWELVE CYLINDERS

Among the four lines of motor cars which comprise Cadillac's distinguished family, there is every degree of luxury the sophisticated motorist could require. Favorite of a large and discriminating number is the Cadillac V-12—heir to the superlative performance of multi-cylinder design, yet of slightly less wheelbase than the V-16

*Coachwork by Fisher and Fleetwood • Priced from \$3795 to \$4895, f. o. b. Detroit*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



## "LET'S GO!"

GOING places . . . doing things . . . and smoking Camels. All three are in the modern tempo.

Camels, gloriously mild and mellow, retain all the delicate fragrance of choicest, sun-ripened tobaccos, through the scientific care with which they're made. There's life and joy in such a smoke . . . never flat nor over-treated.

You're going somewhere when you go with

# CAMELS

